

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU ARE.



EDITED BY NATALIE TAUTOU // MOMMYSWOMB.ITCH.IO



XXX POEMS

Rue AD



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tell me  
what you are  
so afraid of  
whispered voice  
inside my head  
flickering  
like insects  
drawn to flame  
longing for  
metamorphosis  
would you please  
stop it with  
your squirming  
no way out  
from here alive  
nowhere to hide  
we haven't been  
before your  
disappearing act  
is getting boring

broke up with my sister again  
after an awkward conversation  
but i had to set a boundary  
i wanted it so badly  
to mean something  
a deeper connection  
instead of an obsession  
or senseless jealousy  
passive aggressive remarks  
made between bitter glances  
and convenient accidents  
i sincerely pray she never  
finds these words  
but i couldn't stop her  
even if i tried  
like that one time  
she picked open the lock  
and read my diary  
all these desires  
i once thought  
would stay  
a secret

tell me  
what you are  
so afraid of  
whispered voice  
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words could be  
the death of us  
they're loaded  
better off unspoken  
maybe it's for the best  
if we just keep  
these mouths busy  
instead of indulging  
in the obvious  
clichés and platitudes  
let us show  
each other  
in the way  
we speak  
with ease  
holding our bodies  
so the holes can meet  
our saying less  
says everything

i want you like this  
powerless  
bound up in complexes  
need and deserve and other useless words  
not the ones i would use your flailing tongue  
spreading the infection succumbed  
to ruptured skin unholy crimson  
warm and tender as you wished  
when we were young  
and dumb as shit  
before you clipped  
our wings in fear  
of what i might someday become  
but that was stupid  
we were born for this  
entangled and corrupt a broken  
halo worn for horns a gaping anus  
where our mouth once was

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i'm writing this  
 for the mentally unstable  
 sadomasochistic autistics  
 people with real problems  
 who like to say the word retarded  
 because they think it's funny  
 but it isn't really  
 when you think about it for example  
 i was in a special education program  
 once for unrelated reasons  
 every year we'd have a lock-in  
 until some kid took a piss  
 on all the other kids  
 myself included  
 we watched the world trade center fall  
 on the same TV we used to watch  
 faded old VHS recordings  
 of Matilda and Charlotte's Web  
 while our teacher shot up heroin  
 some day he said  
 you'll understand

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decisiveness  
 in severance  
 fresh blood  
 from an IV drip  
 barely lucid  
 wearing my intestines  
 like ribbons in her hair  
 face painted red  
 with me laughing she said  
 you look so fucking stupid  
 running her tongue  
 along the vivisection  
 pulling back my ribs  
 one by one like wings  
 on a moth a lavish spread  
 jacking off her tiny dick until  
 cum spurts between  
 my lungs and stomach  
 before i lose consciousness  
 no coming back from this unaltered  
 might need stitches

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do you think i give a shit  
 if anyone can hear us  
 it's only incest there i said it  
 blood related kissing sisters  
 awful close so very precious  
 no one else would understand  
 our special connection  
 what it actually feels like  
 fraying nerves and butterflies  
 every time we're holding hands  
 or begin to lock our eyes and swoon  
 hoping no one else will notice  
 when i crawl into your sheets  
 because you got too scared to sleep  
 slowly rocking back and forth  
 and getting hard between your legs  
 apple shampoo and perfect skin  
 you know they've been talking about us  
 i heard every word they said  
 silly little jokes purely innocent  
 whenever you feel ready  
 we can tell them

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my little sister's cock  
 is so much bigger than mine  
 it helps me keep perspective  
 though i guess it's all subjective  
 no one here holds an advantage  
 we're both so sick and damaged  
 and going straight to hell  
 in borrowed dresses  
 soaking wet wearing  
 made up excuses  
 just in case someday  
 they catch on  
 to our mingled scent  
 oh but they won't  
 ever find us out  
 this much is true  
 you know me very well  
 i wouldn't tell  
 and i know you

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i don't need to be a perfect person  
 only enough to make you like me  
 spread myself across the page  
 the words arranged meticulously  
 for emotional effect  
 too precise to be convincing  
 falsely sold as voyeuristic  
 improvising sympathy  
 rerehearsing my confession  
 almost started to believe  
 i resembled something human  
 artificial heart upon my sleeve  
 wishing you would run your fingers  
 through the cracks in my facade  
 shining through the fraying edges  
 to reveal nothing beneath  
 an empty shell in need of sleep  
 shivering and losing distance  
 terrified of what might happen  
 should i even try  
 to speak

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could we even call it rape            if i gave you my consent  
 if we negotiated   the events and the dosage  
 time and place   in the abstract  
 by any other name                            i'm violated  
 but i need it in the worst way            sinful and unclean  
 hoping that you feel dirty too            cutting up my stockings  
 while i'm tied up and restrained  
 a perilous edge                            glancing delicate flesh  
 a couple well place inches                could easily kill me  
 avoiding the femoral the carotid the coronary oh  
 you know exactly where to cut            so blood will pool  
 a bit    but not too much  
     enough to lap up  
 with sandpaper tongue  
     under the knife  
     makes me another hole            your  
 fingers brusquely splitting me            apart   say please  
 nitrile pressed                            against  
     a broken heart                            beat  
 fluttering            helpless                            like prey  
 caught in headlights            waiting to die            but still  
 i know where            i am going            to sleep tonight

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what an ironic name  
 nothing about this jacket is straight  
 the pink is fucking killing me  
 laughing like crazy because  
 you really put me in my place  
 wrapped stiff and snug  
 cuffed at the ankles  
 wriggling like a little bug  
 every time you tickle  
 at the soles of my feet  
 a big rubber ball squeaks  
 between now useless teeth  
 can't quite giggle or scream  
 i wanted so bad to be still  
 awash in soft pastels beneath the hood  
 nothing but body heat and fabric rustling  
 locks clicking into place a door is shut  
 nothing to do but wait  
 i have no choice  
 you have my faith

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get back in there  
 faggot  
 c'mon now  
 use your teeth show me  
 some fucking  
 fight  
 we've given up  
 more than enough  
 and then some  
 please try and breathe  
 a bit easier now you see  
 these sweet precious moments  
 soon will be snuffed out  
 thank god finally some  
 release  
 coming undone  
 asleep or dead  
 a tiny cage  
 around your head  
 another cut  
 all tangled up  
 in angel guts

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my parents gave me testosterone  
 i think when i was ten  
 afraid i might turn out effeminate  
 or maybe i was just molested  
 like every other kid  
 and they tried to keep it secret  
 no one ever said what happened  
 when he babysat and got me wasted  
 only i woke up feeling different  
 and can't ask because he's dead  
 but what he kept hid in his closet  
 would explain a lot of shit  
 the eulogy and the closed casket  
 everybody said it was some kind of accident  
 suicide is widely frowned upon by catholics

it's so fucking cute  
 how easy it is to  
 manipulate you  
 like some satanic cult  
 in a comic book  
 i simply think  
 you look much better  
 on your knees  
 on a leash  
 wearing my scent  
 covered in piss  
 and begging  
 you know  
 i have this theory  
 pet play is so in vogue these days  
 because it's relatively cheap  
 a couple bucks for a bowl  
 a free dog bed with purchase  
 of any four foot cage  
 cover it in musky blankets  
 not that bad a price to pay  
 to make you stay

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fucking bite me harder bitch  
 she said and so i did  
 making her cry out sweet metallic  
 maybe i lost myself a bit  
 my daughter's soft pierced clit  
 dancing on her lips  
 before she grabbed me by the hair  
 and said get down there idiot  
 don't just stare  
 turned on by malice  
 smothered in muff  
 the taste of brackish  
 arching back so she can  
 better fuck a throat  
 drinking deep from  
 her cunt overflowing

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i'll be okay i promise  
 i'm not as fucked up as you'd think  
 i'm faking DID for attention  
 i don't have any symptoms of mental illness  
 i've been cutting myself again  
 isn't that sad  
 seven thousand views on tiktok  
 one of my alters speaks fluent french  
 in a corny new york accent  
 another wants to fuck cis men  
 really really really really bad  
 so now they're blowing up my grindr DMs  
 discussing the logistics  
 of double penetration  
 and the bathroom at my work  
 before we open  
 or else shooting it in public  
 this one says he's got a couple friends  
 into forced feminization  
 and castration to be honest  
 i think i'm probably gonna block him  
 but not before i get it

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a little tenderness  
 lips and whips  
 stinging roughly  
 just the same  
 am i a good girl  
 for you daddy  
 am i pretty  
 do i make you proud  
 biting down hard  
 through pain  
 a bluish hue  
 framing the beating  
 volume increasing  
 when suddenly  
 we pause  
 an awkward pose  
 as camera flash  
 kisses me soft  
 where cherry red  
 bruises still glow  
 another souvenir  
 for me tomorrow

exchanging cash for magic spells  
 an image marked what's to be  
 meticulously wiping clean  
 before pushing the needle through  
 inhaling slowly underneath obscene light  
 inward then out the prick revealed  
 lay still until veneer wrapped tight  
 around your steel soft latex hands  
 work with intent until the ends  
 at last are fully screwed  
 the wound laid bare as if it were  
 always a part of you

a little tenderness  
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they cut your dick wide open  
 after everything you did but there's no sense  
 in splitting it again apparently  
 you hadn't learned your lesson  
 all fixed up with safety pins  
 sutures from a leather kit and rubber cement  
 until scar tissue formed around the edges  
 with a little help from your friends  
 i couldn't recognize any of them  
 they looked just like regular metalheads  
 must've drugged me between the drinks  
 nothingness and then we fade in  
 restrained by the wrists my jaw is sore  
 i'd only seen your mug shot before  
 but you looked just as pissed  
 as the night you got arrested  
 in a picture on the table by your bed  
 your wife and kids with stupid grins  
 blissful and oblivious  
 of the victim playing possum  
 in your sheets reeking of pee  
 waiting to gnaw my way through something

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i'm starting a support group for ufo survivors  
 kids who've been lifted up and probed  
 blinding chambers made of chrome  
 paralyzed and cold a thousand eyes  
 and long gray fingers down my throat  
 but now i never feel alone  
 at least  
 late night down  
 one more starlit country road  
 a bright blue flash on the horizon  
 maybe just a thunderstorm or something  
 i don't know  
 what they were looking for  
 inside of me perhaps a cure  
 for some disease or deeper  
 understanding of our chemistry  
 i hope i was of use  
 to them  
 and all those precious fluids  
 siphoned out from me  
 were not for nothing  
 i want to believe

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let's stop playing pretend  
 just because we're related  
 it's not codependence  
 or abuse with consent  
 i'm actually like this  
 pathetic and desperate  
 a fly trapped in amber  
 reflection of selfishness  
 enduring beyond flesh  
 since we can't get  
 each other pregnant  
 though god only knows  
 we tried our best  
 to justify these ends  
 through the lens of semiotics  
 or freudian psychoanalysis  
 the occasional amateur therapist  
 as if anyone could understand  
 like it needs to make any sense  
 why our lips were meant to kiss

carelessly we strayed from heaven  
 but daddy shows me true forgiveness  
 made to kneel on broken glass  
 bound together at the wrists  
 with pain as my guide back  
 praying rosary while gagged  
 drooling through intimate litanies  
 our father hail mary glory be  
 sanctifying obsolescent memory  
 of frankincense and hymnal chants  
 ugly stains and marbled artifice  
 testaments crassly blasphemed  
 unknown tongues desecrating  
 god's only sacred gift of flesh  
 severing it from the spirit  
 transfigured bliss to bitter ash

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 i don't want to be addicted  
 to alcohol and stimulants  
 i can't afford porn or psychedelics  
 or another hospitalization  
 i'm already borderline schizophrenic  
 i'm on thin ice at work as is  
 it can't be good for me to cry again  
 to a playlist i made for my ex  
 high on weed and DXM  
 some of her old high school favorites  
 you know that type of shit  
 crystal castles yeah yeah yeahs car seat headrest  
 they don't make those same kind of cigarettes  
 we used to cross arms  
 like those fags on the cover  
 were glasses of wine  
 burning ourselves in the process  
 makes me think about some ancient  
 stupid parasocial bullshit  
 i would rather just forget

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 the trick it seems is patience  
 and asking for it splayed against  
 the metaphor at hand  
 nails through my wrists  
 a sidelong gash strung out in bliss  
 rejoicing and subconscious  
 no language to express imperfect  
 words washed out with red  
 beneath a warm blanket of urine  
 mistaken for a nihilist  
 not meaningless  
 merely meant

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i could be so much  
 bigger than you  
 experience exchanged  
 long forgotten  
 mechanisms lost  
 to the temperamental  
 terrified of what  
 wasted potential  
 i might someday regret  
 embracing fear  
 testing restraint  
 come trembling

i'm not depressed i just  
 think i'm too poor to afford  
 to transition any more  
 than i already have  
 skinny jeans and flannels stolen  
 from my faggy brother's closet  
 threadbare panties with holes in them  
 dried out palettes of my former girlfriends  
 who would do me up in drag  
 as a gag way back when i was safe  
 enough to experiment with  
 more of a feminine man  
 sweet but normative enough  
 to pass as someone else's husband  
 when i didn't have to pay the rent  
 in exchange for compulsory sex  
 some days i wish i never quit

i could be so much  
 bigger than you  
 experience exchanged  
 long forgotten  
 mechanisms lost  
 to the temperamental  
 terrified of what  
 wasted potential  
 i might someday regret  
 embracing fear  
 testing restraint  
 come trembling

i'm not depressed i just  
 think i'm too poor to afford  
 to transition any more  
 than i already have  
 skinny jeans and flannels stolen  
 from my faggy brother's closet  
 threadbare panties with holes in them  
 dried out palettes of my former girlfriends  
 who would do me up in drag  
 as a gag way back when i was safe  
 enough to experiment with  
 more of a feminine man  
 sweet but normative enough  
 to pass as someone else's husband  
 when i didn't have to pay the rent  
 in exchange for compulsory sex  
 some days i wish i never quit

but i could never kill myself  
     she's already dead  
         a corpse possessed  
 attending countless dress rehearsals  
 in eternal understudy  
 just a bit too deep into  
     new age spirituality  
 tarot cards      and lighted candles  
     some appropriated symbols  
 incantations i regret      she said  
 you don't need to be religious  
     to see patterns or hear voices  
         just a bit fucked in the head  
 or maybe you're hollow on the inside like me  
     overbored and boring      tiny holes  
         into your skull  
 letting whatever      worm inside

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sister tastes like stale black coffee  
 dried blood and menthol crushes  
 tells me all these morbid stories  
 waiting for the storm to pass  
 drinking whiskey out the bottle  
 swiped from daddy's liquor cabinet  
 taking shelter in a pulpit  
 finding warmth against her chest  
 wondering what happens next  
 once they finally find the body  
 sleeping in shifts driving out west  
 until we make it to the ocean  
 hide away along the shore  
 and play pretend til we get married  
 just a stupid dream i had  
 turned away and mumbled sorry  
 don't apologize she said  
 you're my problem now  
 something delicate

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penelope is reading me porpentine  
 beneath a tree while i'm peaking  
 off three grams if i remember this correctly  
 pressed along the path etched in the earth  
 lined with wayward geometrics jellyfish skin  
 fractals pressed against a perfect blue screen  
 realizing what the fuck have i been doing  
 spoiling myself in rotten academic bullshit ignored  
 obvious erotics for high scores and forced pretense  
 so stubbornly obsessed with making appearances  
 and yet i haven't asked my daughter  
 that question of body politic  
 not so much an age gap as autismnal  
 too fond of fawning or afraid i could be wrong  
 at least i long to be taken apart or else restrained  
 and maybe learn to hold my tongue

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you thought about quitting drinking  
 until you got harassed last night  
 waiting for the bus to come  
 some asshole asked are you a guy  
 what the fuck are you supposed to say  
 you tried to slipped away  
 and felt kind of weird because  
 it wasn't quite untrue  
 but not always besides  
 what difference does it make  
 it doesn't stop him following  
 like in those dreams  
 you're being cruised  
 strangers with piercing eyes  
 down darkened alleyways  
 the problem inherent  
 with your desire  
 is it doesn't work  
 if you have to try  
 or put up a fight

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